"BAT" MASTERSON, CONQUEROR of "BAD MEN," TO ENFORCE LAW in NEW YORK.

Greatest Adept at the Art of Gun Play in the Country.

NEW YORK has adopted a peace measure.

"Bat" Masterson, the greatest gun fighter in the country, is coming to the metropolis as United States deputy marshal. He was recently selected for this office by Marshal Henkell. The action is somewhat similar to that of Congress when it passed a $50,000,000 appropriation bill for national defenses and called it a "peace measure," shortly after the blowing up of the battleship Maine.

In the West, the turbulent days when Bat and his gun were in demand to keep the peace are gone. As a rule things are as quiet West of the Mississippi as a Sunday afternoon in a New England village. In recent years Bat has amused himself with a little business, some gambling ventures, and a good deal of sport. At last the East has become too bad to do without him. Bat has been summoned to deal gently but firmly with the unruly foreign element, the mafia, and the lawless millionaires of New York.

Probably no other man alive has had so varied and exciting a career as William Barcla Masterson, known to the world by that sweet name "Bat." Buffalo hunter, cow-puncher, Indian fighter, officer of the law, manager of prize fights, guardian of a millionaire's precious life, and newspaper correspondent are among the long list of his vocations. In each and every one he has been a success. He has the respect of all the men with whom he has come in contact. President Roosevelt is said to be an admirer of this square, plain man, with a quick hand and a sure eye. Moreover, it is reported that Bat owes his present appointment to the President himself, who strongly recommended him for the place.

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A Good "Bad" Man.

Like most "bad" men "Bat" Masterson is good. This does not mean that there are wings sprouting from his shoulders nor that he can qualify as a gospel shark. But he has many sterling virtures, among which honesty and courage are prominent. He has killed many men, never unfairly and either in self-defense or when it was necessary to get in the first shot to keep from losing his own life. Many stories have been circulated about the number of notches in his pet gun, each one representing a life, but it is conservatively estimated that he has killed twenty-eight white men. Nobody knows how many Indians and such ilk have fallen before his .45. It is safe to say that where "Bat" Masterson is known he does not have to fire.

"Bat" Masterson is not a big man. He is rather short and stocky, though in the old days he was more slender and sinewy. He has a pleasant, good-natured face. If it's true that the eyes are the best mirror of the man's self as many declare, surely "Bat" Masterson's are no exception to the rule. They are frank and open, but cold and calm. His is a hard eye for a scoundrel to meet. Although he is decidedly a "noticing" man he appears to move his eyes slowly and deliberately. Those blue eyes of his do not flit and flash all around a thing, but in a calm glance he takes in all the details at once. His voice is low and his whole demeanor denotes modesty.

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"Bat" Starts West.

"Bat" Masterson was born in Illinois fifty years ago. He went West to the prairies as a mere boy, and worked as a buffalo hunter for Beverly & Rice. For this exciting sport he showed a natural fitness, which experience ripened into wonderful skill. The animals were killed in those days for their hides. Masterson's stunt was thirty buffalos a day, not because he wasn't able to kill more, but because thirty hides a day was all he and his man could handle.

The lad became an unerring shot. With a buffalo gun and a two-ounce bullet, the best he asked for was a fair shot at 400 yards—almost a quarter of a mile—and the shot always went home in the vital spot, abaft the shoulder.

Men ripen rapidly under these conditions. By the time he was twenty Masterson had been marshal of two or three lively border towns, and had been requisitioned into service at Dodge City, Ford county, Kan.

This was when Dodge City was "good." Fort Dodge was only a few miles away, and the town was the end of the trail for the grazing country. The soldiers of the fort and the cowmen from the plains used to meet in the streets of Dodge and shoot each other up. The border gamblers made prey of both, and the saloons and gambling houses were a constant source of interest to the student of human nature in the rough.

Masterson's assignment was to repress disorder and regulate gambling. Everybody carried a gun, and most of them were dead shots. It was a question of who got the drop. The situation was further complicated by the presence of numerous Greasers and Black Heart Indians, knowing no law and with extremely rudimentary ideas of the rights of life and property.

In the way of business Masterson naturally incurred the enmity of the most disorderly elements of the community. His life was a thing much sought after by day and by night. He represented law and order. The enforcement of the law has been his business for the greater part of his life.

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In Leadville.

At one time Bat's footsteps led him to Leadville, another "toughest camp on earth." There he fell in with Bat Moriarity, another Trojan of the unwritten epic of the West.

This Bat was long on diamonds, fur overcoats and 18-carat gold watch chains, and short on early education. He struck it immensely rich and used to run his mines on a system of his own. When he wanted to find the time on one of his gold watches he'd stroll into a saloon and say:

"It's that coold an' the snow's that bright I can't ayther git out me watch or see it. Wud ye mind takin' it out an' tellin' me the time?"

Once he shouted down the shaft of his mine:

"Hello, there! How many of yez is below?"

"Five!" came up the answer.

"Well, the half of yez come up!"

Well, Bat Masterson met Bat Moriarity, and the two Bats flitted forth into the night. At Wyman's dance hall, Wyman himself—he called himself the worst man on earth, this Wyman—introduced these two leading citizens to John L. Sullivan. John L., then at the very apex of his greatness, was in town on a sparring tour. The 10,000 foot altitude of Leadville had already affected John L. Even in those days the champ was susceptible to altitude. Even the sea level of New York had been known to go to his head.

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Downs John L.

John L. said something unpleasant and almost profane about the climate of Colorado. Everyone was charmed to hear the champion even notice the climate—all but Bat Masterson. In his tantalizing, courteous way, he asked John L. to repeat the remark.

John L. said something which, being expurgated, was to the effect that he didn't chaw his cabbage twice. To emphasize his remark, and show that he was really John L., swung at Bat Masterson the celebrated Sullivan swing.

But Bat wasn't there. He had ducked. And as John L. came back to his fighting pose Bat countered in the solar plexus with the nozzle of his forty-four. Clicking the hammer suggestively with his thumb, Bat inquired:

"How about the climate of Colorado?"

"Fine!" said John L.

And Bat Moriarity was moved to buy all the altitude in Wyman's place.

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That Dodge City Mix-Up.

The most celebrated case in which Masterson was involved was the killing of the outlaw Wagner and his partner at Dodge City. Masterson had removed to Arizona, and the citizens of Dodge notified him that Wagner had threatened to kill Ed Masterson, brother of "Bat," who had succeeded the latter as marshal. It happened, singularly enough, that the fight was on when "Bat" stepped off the train at Dodge. He had his six-shooters working before the train halted. Bat, with his brother dying at his feet, killed both the leaders of the outlaw crowd and blotted out the gang. Peace was re-established in Dodge City and Bat went back to Arizona.

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Saves an Actress.

"Bat" used to have a place called the Crescent, at Denver. It was the best in town. Then he owned the Jockey Club, in Lorimer street. He never drank anything hard; seltzer was his favorite. He was looked upon as "square" and was always found upon the side of law and order.

He loved rattlesnakes more than "sure thing" gamblers, and he acted accordingly.

The affair at Nelly Price's gives the range of "Bat" clean through. There

Famous for Encounters With Desperadoes in the West.

was a little actress there, Effie Moore by name, a delicate bit of a thing, and we all pampered her some, but one day there came to town a "greaser," Tony something or other, a barber. He fell in love with the girl, and he lavished his pile upon her. He finally saw that he was on a wrong trail—and what does he do but show up at the hurdy-gurdy one night a good deal the worse for Mexican rum and apple whisky.

"Bat" was seated in Nelly Price's box. From where he sat he had a view of the greaser's box.

Miss Effie was seen to enter the box, and jokes were passed about the sad affair of the greaser. All thought of Effie and her companion was lost, when bang! a shot rang out, there was a scream from the box opposite, and the Mexican fell dead at the girl's feet. No one saw "Bat" draw the gun. Only the flash was seen, but when the man was picked up there was a hole in his neck and a knife in his hand. "Bat" had saved the girl's life.

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"Bat's" Modesty.

There was a party of newspaper men who went out to Nevada once to write things about "Bat," but he was no "poser," and would not open up for them. They told him of the money they would make out of it, all of it lost if he refused. "Bat" dove into his pockets, drew out $4—all he had—and said: "You fellers can have $3 of this if you like—I need the other dollar myself."

That was "Bat"—square as a die and businesslike!

"Bat" had no use for a good many of the fighting cow punchers that hovered about Fort Scott and Dodge City, but he never sent any man below ground except it was due time for him to go.

"Bat" was with Miles as a lieutenant and scout in the Cheyenne country; was buffalo hunter on the Cinnamon river; ran faro at Denver; held the watch for Jake Kilrain when he fought Sullivan at Richburg. He was an official in the first prizefight between Sullivan and Corbett, and later at the fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

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Stopped Prisoner From Window.

One day "Bat" was detailed to watch a gentleman who had gone afoul of the sheriff in Denver. The man asked "Bat" to let him have a little private talk with his wife. "Bat" was courteous for the lady's sake, consented, and the gentleman drew away a rod or two toward the window. The window was three-quarters of a story from the street.

In a moment when "Bat" was lighting his cigar the gentleman made a sudden spring from the window into the street and ran pell-mell.

"The gosh darned fool," drawled "Bat." "That's the way he prizes friendship, hey?"

He leaned out, there was the crack of a Colt gun, and "Bat" left the window, leisurely observing to Dr. Swift, "Doc, there's a fellow hurt down at the corner. I guess he needs you."

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How "Bat" Was Scared.

Once "Bat" Masterson was scared. Tell it with bated breath. Just once in the memory of man this phenomenon occurred. A horse thief had been tearing things up in New Mexico. He had gotten away with enough horses to start a racing stable in Alexandria county, but he counted without the redoubtable "Bat." "Bat" chased said thief until he was blue in the face, and he had acquired a thirst you could cut with a knife. He chased him out of New Mexico, across Texas, Indian Territory, Arkansas, and into Tennessee.

As "Bat" was riding carelessly along the road to Memphis with his shooting irons handy, however, he came abreast of a lonesome graveyard. It was night and the moon was dodging behind occasional clouds. Now "Bat" had always remarked that he had ample respect for graveyards even though none of the inhabitants are in a condition to draw a fine bead, but he had never been afraid to pass the lonesomest graveyard in Kansas at any time of day or night. When he had almost passed this particular yard and was thinking that he would soon be in town and was trying to decide what beverage to call for first, he saw coming toward him a tall, black figure.

Now tall, black figures as a rule do not stand one-two-three with "Bat,"

The Gawky Age.

I cannot do my hair upon my head, nor down in curls;
I cannot go to dances yet—nor play with little girls;
I'm not allowed a novel, such as Sister Sally reads—
Nobody knows the awful life a person like me leads!
Nobody knows the tir'som'ness of passing through this stage
When a girl is at the gawky and uninteresting age!

The cunning things I used to say aren't cunning any more;
No matter what I talk about, I seem to be a bore.
My legs and arms and hands and feet don't seem to be my own,
And every one I meet remarks: "My! How that child has grown!"
I feel just like an animal in some gilt circus cage,
For I am at the gawky and uninteresting age.

They wonder how I'm "turning out;" if I'll be plain or pretty;
Then Brother Tom points at my legs and laughs—he thinks he's witty,
And Johnny calls my plaited hair "a funny little lump,"
And Sally cries, "Oh, do walk straight! I b'lieve you have a hump!"
They never guess I'm writing in life's book the saddest page—
Because I'm at the gawky and uninteresting age.

Just wait till I am twenty! I will have a pompadour,
And a dress that trails a yard behind upon the parlor floor;
I'll wear high heels, and pinch my waist, and powder up my nose!
I'll be a star, or chorus girl, or something, I suppose;
For they may laugh, but just the same I'm going on the stage,
When I have passed the gawky and uninteresting age!

—New York Press.

but he was thinking of his horse thief, and it flashed into his mind that this might be the end of his chase. He acted as quickly as he thought, and almost before he realized it he was covering the man with his revolver, and called, "Thr-up yer hands!" But it did not feaze that tall, black figure any more than if "Bat" had asked him to have a glass of ice cream soda. The black kept right on coming. "Bat" is a merciful man and not given to fanning his trigger unless there is necessity, but he is also used to being obeyed in a game of hands. Part of his reputation as a marvelous shot comes from his ability to shoot from the hip. However, as the dusky stranger came nearer "Bat" raised his gun, steadied it with his elbow, and took careful aim. He fired and the black figure kept right on coming. This was one too many for bad man "Bat." He was off down that road as fast as his nag could take him, and never pulled up until he was in Memphis. To this day he swears he shot at a ghost.

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In the Chicago Strike.

During the railroad strike in Chicago, when Cleveland was President, and the strikers were halting all the trains out of the dusty city and behaving in many unmannerly ways, Bat was hired to sit on the cowcatchers of the engines, and with a double-barrel gun, to see that the trains were not stopped. It was a disagreeable job, and Bat's seat was conspicuous, to say the least. He didn't mind their shooting at him, he said, but what he did object to was their heaving bricks and cats. He held down the job, however, and it is not on record that any of his trains were stopped.

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Was George Goulds Shadow.

A story now told for the first time reveals a strange side of life in New York city, and an unusual chapter even in Masterson's fevered life. It is nothing more or less than that he was summoned to New York to be a shadow to George Gould, ready at an instant's notice to shoot quick and true in the crowded streets, business houses, restaurants, or theaters to protect the life of the millionaire from an insane crank who was threatening his life.

There was one man in the country who could be depended upon to do just this thing. That man was "Bat" Masterson, and he was summoned to New York. The occasian did not arise for the use of Masterson's ready gun, but Mr. Gould was able to continue his usual mode of life with the assurance that his life was in safe keeping.

Masterson came to New York in the fall of 1893 at the request of former Superintendent of Police Thomas Byrnes. George Gould at that time was receiving a number of threatening anonymous letters. At first Mr. Gould paid no attention to the letters, but when they continued to reach him he tried to have their writer traced in order to put a stop to the annoyance. He turned the letters over to handwriting experts, who gave Mr. Gould the startling information that his anonymous correspondent was an insane and probably dangerous man. Mr. Gould decided that it would be well to have some one look out for the writer, in the event that he attempted to put into execution his oft-repeated threat to shoot the millionaire on sight.

Mr. Gould knew of no man whom he could depend upon to take care of an insane man bent upon murder, and consulted Supterintendent Byrnes. Byrnes told him that he needed a man who wouldn't be afraid to "shoot-up" Broadway or Wall street, even when the streets were crowded during the busiest hours of the day, and who would hit the man he shot at and not wound or kill some unfortunate individual who happened to be in pistol range. "The only such man I know of is 'Bat' Masterson," said Byrnes.

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In New York.

It was arranged that the services of Masterson should be solicited. He was in Denver, and came on to New York immediately, moving his wife and family to this city. For eight months he was Mr. Gould's shadow, constantly in touch with his elbow when he was exposed to a possible attack, and his vigil only ceased when a man identified as the writer of the anonymous letters was arrested at the home of Miss Helen Gould, who he insisted had promised to marry him.

Masterson was arrested in a raid on a house in West Sixty-ninth street on the night of June 6, 1902, when the police seized some gambling implements in a room in the house, and was taken with other prisoners to police headquarters. He gave bail, and later was discharged, it not being shown that he had any connection with the gambling place. A revolver which he carried was taken from him at police headquarters, and he made application to get it back after his discharge, declaring that he valued it highly, because he had carried it constantly since 1879. He was able to get the weapon back later.

LEO WHEAT ONCE FRIEND OF PRINCE OF WALES NOW IN BALTIMORE ALMSHOUSE

Life of Musical Genius Filled With Sharp Contrasts.

His Audiences Are Now Composed of Lowly Paupers.

IT is a far cry from Marlborough House in London to Bay View almshouse in Baltimore; from intimacy with the Prince of Wales to the companionship of uncouth, penniless hoboes, the scum of Maryland. Yet, Leo Wheat, once America's foremost musician, has spanned this gulf in his three score years of life.

Clad in the worn, rough, garments of the almshouse, whither he was sent by the order of the Baltimore police court two weeks ago, Leo Wheat finds his greatest pleasure in playing a little organ at the daily services held there. He it was who once held great audiences fast by his masterly playing, arousing all the emotions by a magic touch; whose former chum and collaborator was Sir Arthur Sullivan, of "Pinafore" fame; who amassed a huge fortune only to squander it. Even today his genius abides with him, and at the word that he is to play burly Irishmen and unkempt negroes crowd about the organ in Bay View to listen. When he seats himself at the meager box and passes his fingers carelessly over the keys, harmony floods the house of lost hope as never before and the unfortunates forget for a moment the misery of their lot.

Leo Wheat is the victim of an insatiable, unconquerable appetite. As music has been the guiding light of his life so this appetite has laid an ingratiating finger upon the book of life and wherever it has rested has come a dark blot on what might have been a well-penned page. Occasionally to look upon the wine when it is red may be premissible, but to gaze upon it until one is completely under its hypnotic spell is to lose grasp upon everything else in the world. It is to join with Omar Khayyam in his insidious doctrine, "drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die"—the doctrine, by the way, of a quitter.

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Prominent in Washington.

For many years Leo Wheat played a prominent part in the social and musical life of Washington. Whenever it was announced that he was to play the organ in one of the great churches here crowds flocked to hear him. But in recent years his downward course has separated him from family and friends alike. In spite of the many efforts made to keep him out of harm's way he has persisted in his course of living. Now there is no one among the hundreds who have once called him friend willing to stretch out a hand to release him from surroundings which though he meets them proudly and with the courage displayed by the French nobility in the hands of the "cannaille" are a constant source of irritation to this man of gentle birth.

Though none of his former friends have put out a hand to aid him since his last fall from grace, a Baltimore violinist has written the authorities asking permission to take the famous old musician into his home. How the request will be answered is not yet known. Mr. Wheat's wife and several of their children are living in the old home at Morgan Springs, Va., in the beautiful Shenandoah valley. For a number of years there has been no intercourse between them and Mr. Wheat.

The descendant of Sir Joseph Wheat, in spite of rusty clothes, disheveled hair, and scrubby face, Leo Wheat still shows unmistakable signs of the blood of the cavaliers of the South. He wears his old slouch hat with a jaunty air. He receives his visitors—and they are many—courteously, and with as much unconcern as to his surroundings as though he were in his ancestral hall. His manners even to the meanest and most repulsive of his forced associates are beyond reproach.

"It was in 1860 that I went to Leipzig," said Mr. Wheat in reply to a question. "I was nineteen years old. My God, what a wonderful town it was to the young student of music. The atmosphere was charged with the essence of music. Almost every great master had lived there at one time or another.

When Wheat Was Playing.

Somehow the tears they would come straying
Down my hot cheeks when Wheat was playing;
And yet I saw God's glorious skies
Through all the mists that dimmed my eyes,
In loveliest meadows life went Maying
When Wheat was playing.

The keys beneath his fingers thrilling,
With melody the world seemed filling;
I saw the birds in blossoms sweet—
I heard the hearts of roses beat!
Unconsciously my soul seemed praying
When Wheat was playing!

The blue of skies, the gloom of mountains,
The tinkle of sweet silver fountains;
The wave of trees, the flash of streams;
Life, with its darkness and its dreams!
Love's triumphs and the world's betraying—
When Wheat was playing.

Beneath blown vines in youth's bright bowers
I heard the chime of silvery hours;
And in the twilight lingering late,
Love kissed his sweetheart at the gate;
And sweetest words her lips were saying—
When Wheat was playing!

Life—death, and love that lives forever,
And lips that meet and hearts that sever;
But earth in music seemed to roll,
Touched by the magic of his soul!
And yet, somehow, the tears came straying
When Wheat was playing.

—By Frank L. Stanton.

Names like Beethoven, Bach, and Grieg were landmarks. The great Wagner lived only sixteen miles away. I met him before I had been long in the beautiful German town. We had at least one thing in common—we had both chosen the study of music against the wishes of our parents. Wagner told me that his father's heart was set upon his becoming a lawyer. 'Bah,' he said to me, 'I should have been a vile lawyer.' My own father determined that I should enter the ministry. Imagine me a minister. Why, if Wagner would have been a shyster lawyer, I should have been a worse minister. My father was a minister himself. But I told him that if I preached I would bore the congregation blue in the face, whereas if I played to them I could do much more toward saving their souls. So he finally consented to my following my bent. But Wagner was forced to run away to escape the law. Think, had he been a lawyer we would never have heard that wonderful 'Parsifal' which has just been in Baltimore.

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Meets Sir Arthur Sullivan.

"It was to the Mendelssohn school that I went upon my arrival in Leipzig. There I met for the first time my dear chum, Arthur Sullivan, afterward Sir Arthur. [Mr. Wheat's eyes filled with tears when he spoke the name of his old friend.] We had a famous class," he continued. "Carl Rosa was with us, too. Several years afterward I was instrumental in bringing him and Madame Parepa to America. Under my direction they made a grand tour of the country, which netted us about $400,000. Ah, Parepa, Parepa, she had the most marvelous voice it has ever been my good fortune to hear. And I have heard them all. Even Patti could not equal her.

"Those were wild days, those student days in Leipzig, when Arthur and I were chums. I never took part in any of the student duels. They were confined almost entirely to the students of the university. But though I never played a principal part, I was present at many.

"After two years in Leipzig Arthur Sullivan returned to England, and I went to Paris with Rosa. We had all three taken medals at the Mendelssohn school.

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Sullivan Pays Him a Visit.

"My beautiful home at Morgans Springs, I bought in 1877. And there it was three years later that I was so fortunate as to entertain Arthur Sullivan. He said to me while on the place, 'Leo, this is more like England than anything else I have ever seen outside the "snug little island."'

"'And why shouldn't it be,' I replied. 'Aren't we descended from the English and didn't I import those very sheep which you have praised so highly from the downs of England?'

"Last summer when Lord Denbigh, the commander of King Edward's bodyguard, was making a tour of the United States and Canada, he asked to be introduced to me hearing that I had been a classmate of Sir Arthur Sullivan. I told him that it was my intention to go to London next summer to place a laurel wreath upon the brows of the bronze statue of my old chum erected by the English people upon the Thames embankment next Westminster Abbey. Lord Denbigh warmly invited me to visit him and Lady Denbeigh and said that he would procure me an audience with King Edward.

"How well I remember the King when he was only Prince of Wales. I met him first in Richmond when he visited this country before the war. Later I saw him in London when I was with Arthur Sullivan. The prince and Duke of Westminster, who by the way was a splendid musician, often came to our rooms on the Strand and we used to go to Marlborough House. I played for Edward when he was married.

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Wheat Separates From His Wife.

Mr. Wheat tells a whimsical story of how he and his wife came to separate.

"My wife and I were separated eleven years ago," said the musician, "when I dedicated the organ at the First Colored Baptist Church in Richmond, the largest colored congregation in the South, and numbering among its members the old dining room servants and 'mammies' of the father of my wife, Robert Allen. They came to me and asked me to play for them when they put their big organ in, and I didn't have the heart to refuse. 'Leo Wheat,' said my wife to me, 'if you play at that nigger church I'll never speak to you again.' That was F. F. V. pride, and I had some of it, too. I was going to play, but I thought she'd relent."

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Too Much Paderewski and Supper.

Paderewski, according to Mr. Wheat, is the greatest living pianist. They are old friends, and it is largely due to a convivial meeting between the two when Paderewski was in Baltimore two weeks ago that Leo Wheat is now at Bay View. He went to a concert given by the celebrated musician, and later joined him at supper, and still later continued the supper by himself. The result was that he slapped a man's face because he looked at him insultingly, as he thought. For this offense he was arrested.

As the bedraggled old musician sat in the police station he was recognized by a lover of music, and with the permission of the lieutenant in charge was led upstairs to a musty old piano which had the dust of years upon it. Tenderly, as a mother fondles her child, Leo Wheat lifted the cover of the ancient instrument and delicately passed his fingers over the keys. In a second melody echoed from the dingy walls of the police station. At first his fingers strayed slowly and melancholy, but as he played, gradually his spirit came back and he tore off "Dixie" in a way that made the pulses of his audiences beat fast. Downstairs a negro prisoner laughed out loud for pure joy at the sound.

Soon he wandered into his own "Cradle Song." Among some of the compositions for which Leo Wheat is best known are, "Southern Girls," "Blue Bell," "Penitent's Prayer," "Northern Girls," and a dashing two-step called the "Grand Elks March."

At the St. Louis Exposition last summer Mr. Wheat gave a series of concerts which were well patronized. He is now making plans to go on an extended tour through Texas under the managership of Dan G. Gillette, who is an old friend and manager of the Mutual Life Insurance Company in the Southwest.